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Literature

Taylor's "Origin of the Aryans"*

IT IS BY NO means a common occurrence to come across a work which, prepared with great talent and industry for the express purpose of maintaining a certain thesis, pursues a line of argument that compels its readers to the exactly opposite conclusion. Such a remarkable book is that in which a writer no less eminent than Dr. Isaac Taylor, the well-known author of 'Words and Places,' 'Greeks and Goths,' 'The Alphabet,' and other esteemed works, has now undertaken to settle the great Aryan controversy of our day.

Dr. Taylor is one of the most recent converts to the novel theory which rejects the old opinion of the Asiatic origin of our Aryan forefathers, and looks for the primitive seat of the race in Europe. The present work is designed to bring together the arguments on which the advocates of the later theory have based their conclusions, and to supplement them by new arguments and investigations of his own. Both objects have been pursued with an ardently disputatious energy, leading to an unexpected result. He has shown that the advocates of the European theory are all at loggerheads and nearly all untrustworthy; that their opinions are irreconcilable with each other, and are, with one exception, untenable; and that this one excepted opinion, which he himself adopts and maintains, can only be established by arguments which, when one follows them to the end (as the author strangely fails to do), bring us directly to Asia as the cradle of the race.

The course of this peculiar reasoning may be sufficiently outlined in a few words. Dr. Taylor shows by conclusive arguments that Penka is wrong in maintaining the theory of the Scandinavian origin of the race; that the views of Poesche, who made its progenitors South Germans, bleached to fairness in the great Rokitno swamp of Southern Russia, are absurd; that Geiger, Lindenschmidt and others, who have looked for the source of the race in various parts of Northern and Western Germany, were no better advised than Benfey, who sought it in Eastern Europe, north of the Black Sea; and finally that the true opinion is that which discovers our primitive ancestors in the Celts of Central Europe. These Celts, however, were not the short, dark-haired people to whom we have been in modern times accustomed erroneously to give that name. They were a tall people, with blue or gray eyes, broad heads and faces, and red or yellow hair, who dwelt in Central Germany, about the branches of the upper Danube. These were the genuine and original Aryans, who diffused their language and culture over the various alien races of Europe, including the stalwart and warlike North German and Scandinavian barbarians, and the shorter, feebler, and gentler Iberians and Ligurians of the South.

But Dr. Taylor sees that these 'original Aryans' could not have sprung out of the soil, but must themselves have had an origin. This origin he finds in the Ugric or Uralian

race of North-eastern Europe and Western Asia. By an acute and careful comparison of languages he shows that a radical connection exists between the Aryan and the Uralian 'stock-languages'; and hence he infers that the former stock was derived from the latter. But if we adopt this view, we must go much farther. The Uralian languages belong to a vast group of tongues, extending from North-eastern Europe over nearly the whole of Northern Asia, and known in philology as the Ural-Altaic group. To this great family Dr. Taylor now adds the Aryan group, and thus gives us the most widespread and by far the most important of existing stocks, the 'Aryo-Altaic family,' as it may be styled. That this immense family must have originated 'somewhere in Asia,'—to use Prof. Max Müller's phrase concerning the Aryans proper,—no philologist is likely to question. The earliest human speech for which we have any assured date, the old Accadian of Chaldea, belongs to this family, and testifies not only to its antiquity, but also to its much wider diffusion in primitive times.

It is no diminution of the glory of Columbus that when he discovered America he was looking for Eastern Asia, and thought he had found it. And it is no discredit to Dr. Taylor that while he was unconsciously disclosing to ethnological science this enormous Aryo-Altaic family—a truly continental discovery in science—he was simply looking for a visionary source of the Aryan stock somewhere in Central Germany. It is fair, also, to add that this great though unintended achievement is by no means the only merit of his book. The volume abounds in interesting facts and keen deductions, relating to the prehistoric populations of Europe, set forth in a clear and agreeable style. If the reasoning is occasionally one-sided, and the 'enthusiasm of the convert' is sometimes too conspicuously manifested, even these exhibitions of the author's zealous temperament serve to heighten the interest of this very readable book.

"Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts"*

IN THIS SINGULARLY full and thoughtful book-lovers of Browning will find a chart most helpful in sounding and voyaging the uncertain seas of Browning's genius. Mr. Nettleship started on his 'Voyage Around a Soul' twenty years ago. He has touched lands innumerable, and isles of the Arctic Sea, and atolls in the magnetic South, since then; and he voyages on with wonder and delight, mapping, sounding, laying out land and water, and zigzagging across the continents of the poet's soul, and here and there picturing with vermilion lines lands that he is forced to mark *terra incognita*. A more reverent navigator it would be hard to meet, or one with eyes more keenly alive to phenomena spiritual and psychic. Browning, perhaps the most beautiful spiritual and psychic phenomenon of our time, he attaches himself to as the contemplative Oriental fixes his gaze on the mystic lotos,—for a life-time: drinking in its juices and succulences, enamored of its many-sided beauty, startled with its loveliness as one is who examines a handful of unobserved touch-me-nots and finds whorl within whorl of convoluted grace. And his rapture is happily not unspoken. The reader is admitted to the closet of the navigator,—to the shekinah-room of the temple, where all the light that has streamed in on the traveller during his 'travaille' of twenty years burns from the ignited points of three-and-twenty essays, each full of 'candle-power' and illuminating force.

Browning's love naturally attracts him first,—the love of that most loving and all-embracing of the moderns; and this he tracks in its omnipresent, firefly, June-like glitter and warmth up and down all the Browning *Vedas*.—Books of Knowledge whose key is this universal word. This is the keystone in the Browning arch. Next it lies the domain of knowledge, the omniscience of the nineteenth century man criss-crossed by quaint and varied and vast streaks of ar-

* The Origin of the Aryans: An Account of the Prehistoric Ethnology and Civilization of Europe. By Isaac Taylor. \$1.25. New York: Scribner & Welford.

* Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts. By J. T. Nettleship. \$2.25. New York: Scribner & Welford.

tistic and Rabbinic, historical and theologic lore, with all their streamers and outriggers of secondary and unsuspected knowledge, giving birth to poems like 'The Ring and the Book' or the Italian talks. Then Browning's metaphysic crowning all his greater works like a fiery tiara, now lustrous, now smoking: into this *mare tenebrosum* he enters fearlessly, seeking what he can find in the surge and phosphorescence. Shortly he comes among the dramas, and finds in these,—whole dramas, dramatic monologues, dramatic incidents metrically wrought and jewelled with salient passages as a sword-handle with saliences of emerald,—the favorite spot of Browning's musings, the Armida-Garden where he lay in longest delight, his natural and most spontaneous expression. A gambolling child is the most vivid of animated dramas. Such is the symbol of Browning's soul: whatever it touched changed to the dramatic form. 'Fifine', 'The Flight of the Duchess', 'The Last Ride', 'Evelyn Hope' all quiver with spontaneous life, and that life is drama. Even from the lips of the sphinx Sordello he wrings an audible and intelligible response, for Browning is here, though impersonally enthroned, as much as Rabelais is amid the roar of bestial voices in the Gargantuan epic. His rare gifts of intuition in music and plastic art give play to Mr. Nettleship's fine powers of analysis, which sends its delicate fibrous roots ramifying through every department of Browning's work, taking up aliment from every source as it goes along and combining poems distant and near in subtle synthesis. There he feels and gropes his way with gossamery clues and along kindling galleries of experimentation, through the labyrinths of Browning's poetic development. Always an intellectual hermit, he developed solitary and alone, apart from his fellows, in a moral and intellectual Thebris which nourished with bitter sunshine and blinding airs and the gleam of the desert only the strong and nervous growths of eccentricity. Celestial visions visited him all along, and tunes from Prospero's isle; but there his style grew, hirsute and wounding as a cactus, but also crowned by its glorious blossom at which glared the amber eyes of the panther. In the search after strength he often fell into nothingness: the tropic liana has to mount a hundred feet before it can suck the air and break into a bud, and on the way it gnarls itself with a hundred callosities.

The leading principles of Browning's poetic art in spiritual drama, apart from his style, the critic finds incarnated as Faith, Hope, Love, and Progress through hindrance, in 'Christmas Eve,' 'Easter Day,' 'A Death in the Desert,' and 'Ixion.' The fecund study of these four sublimations of the poet's concentrated self must reveal his fundamental purpose. His own study of them is sown with scatterings of light that are torches to the reader, full of interpretative analysis and a persistency of exegesis that finches before no difficulty. We have never met a book that was more truly a cicerone: it is like a monk in a vast monastery who follows you from choir to cloister, from jewel-room to sanctuary, and eloquently points you to the wealth of the foundation, the glory of the pictured windows, the vicissitude of spire and turret, and the opulent amalgam of love, architecture and poetry of which the spot in its streaming associations is builded.

One of the Geological Fathers*

FOR FIFTY FIVE YEARS (1818-73) the Rev. Adam Sedgwick was Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge, a tireless examiner and student of the earth's crust, an accomplished scholar, a fervent preacher, a polished gentleman and courtier, and though a bachelor intensely interested in family relations, duties and enjoyments. Living on an island which both by nature and the arts of man is a geologist's paradise, he was enabled to make himself a prince in science, while native force and character made him one of the leaders in exploiting the earth and subduing it for man's

use. He was in the fullest sense of the word one of the founders of modern geology. He greatly extended its frontiers, and actually mapped out its sure possessions. In one of the appendices to the second volume is a list of fourteen pages of his writings, the first dated 1820 and the last, a preface written just before his death in 1873. Fortunately the materials for a biography were abundant and these have been wrought into comely form by two of his successors in the same line of thought and labor. The two volumes are in that style of massive elegance which we so often admire in English books. Thick, good-faced paper, clear print, the best of illustrations, abundant prefatory matter, an analytical index of thirty-four pages, and binding excellent for use and neat for ornament.

Sedgwick was born at Dent, a vale in Yorkshire, and all his life he loved to visit again the place of his birth, where he had lived during nineteen years. His father was Vicar of Dent, and the boy was born at the vicarage on March 22, 1785. As he grew from babyhood he was more fond of tearing books than of reading them, but his powers of observation were great, and so was his common sense. He lived most of the time out-of-doors, loved climbing, fishing and sport. After school and university life, he was appointed to the Professorship founded on the will and bequests of Woodward, a learned student of science and collector of fossils. Though other provisions of Woodward's will were modified, the prescription that the lecturer must be a bachelor remained in force, and Sedgwick never married. From the first, the new lecturer began the search after knowledge from rocks, stones, soil, earth and water, and found his recreation in tours of observation. While foremost in the formation and consideration of theories, none exceeded him in the grasp of facts. Yet he was unable to escape the odium of controversy, and as the infirmities of humanity are not confined to students of theology, we find the mighty geologists Sedgwick and Murchison quarrelling and estranged. During twenty years, even the efforts of mutual friends failed to reconcile the great controvertists, and for eight years neither saw the other's face. At the death of Lady Murchison the man prevailed over the geologist, and a letter of profound sympathy penned by his own hand to the bereaved widower was sent by the bachelor.

Of the man in society, the loving kinsman, the illustrious English member of the family who remembered and corresponded with his relatives of the same name in America, of the Christian, the preacher and reader, as well as of the man of science, the biographers treat fully and felicitously. There is no padding in the book, but while there is, of course, much that is of primary interest to the man of science, even one having little interest in geology will find in these noble volumes a clear and winning picture of a noble soul.

"Among the Selkirk Glaciers"*

THE VERY WORD 'glaciers' gives one a delicious thrill this summer weather and sends the pulses bounding through the body. Mr. Green, already distinguished as a climber among the High Alps of New Zealand, propels the bounding pulse in this instance, and gives us a book filled with the novel scenery, thrilling temperatures, and romantic solitudes of British America. He is not the conventional tourist travelling for mere curiosity: he goes out armed with scientific introductions and scientific instruments, bidden godspeed by learned geographical societies, and full of a keen thirst for unconventional knowledge,—altitudes, distances, products, flora and fauna, folk-lore and history.

The result is a valuable book full of information, not about 'meals and manners,' but about great mountain-chains, mighty frozen rivers of the North, unknown lakes, primeval forests, and the finny and four-footed inhabitants thereof. Starting from Ottawa, on the Canadian Pacific, he and his

* The Life and Letters of the Reverend Adam Sedgwick. By John Willis Clark and Thomas McKenny Hughes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Among the Selkirk Glaciers. By W. S. Green. \$2.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.

cousin speed westward over the Oceania of grass that stretches for 900 miles toward the setting sun, and alight for supplies at Calgary. They ascend the Rockies, cross the Columbia, and shoot in among the trestle-bridges and snowsheds of the Selkirks, where they get their first glimpse of the great Illecillewaet glacier. Then in pack-saddle and sledge they pull across the glittering snow-fields and *arêtes* that surround Mount Sir Donald. Through the gorge of the Frazer and along the salmon canneries they start for Vancouver, 'pioneering' the Asulkan Pass, peeping at the hairy Rocky Mountain goats, reconnoitering Loop Valley and the Dawson Range, and 'interviewing' grizzlies and big horn with their Martinis and Winchester. Then a wonderful sisterhood of glaciers gathers before them, and they explore the Lily glacier and the streaked glaciers and icy tiger-stripes of Mt. Bonney. Often benighted in these weird mountains, benumbed with August cold or coming unexpectedly on a welcome mining-camp, they march indefatigably down the steep *coulairs* or along the giddy *mauvais pas*; they ford foaming creeks, break through almost impenetrable forests, encounter brilliant storms of lightning and thunder among crackling peaks, and at last, after being swamped in Bow River and lost in the woods, they recross the Rockies and emerge on the Columbian prairies, to view with rapture the immeasurable miles of sunflower that pave the prairie-sea with gold.

A more delightful Alpine climate than the Selkirks' in summer cannot be imagined, says Mr. Green; and we agree with him after reading his joyous pages and shivering over his snowy instantaneous photographs.

"In Western Levant"*

IN THIS HANDSOME specimen of the book-maker's art, Mr. Francis C. Sessions, President of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, who has been travelling in the countries bordering on the Western Mediterranean, writes in brief chapters of Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis. His style is fresh, unhackneyed and piquant, and he loves to draw out of the past a long perspective on which to set in brightest colors the picture of the moment. The women and their beauty, the men and their ways, the Gypsies, donkeys, beggars, and everything odd and strange in the passing moment are set before us as in a moving procession wittily commented upon; but the great cathedrals, the historic past rich in associations, the great painters and their art, the mighty thinkers and their creeds, loom up behind the passing show. Amid the bright light and deep shadows of to-day rise the gloom and glory of the centuries gone. In a word the author shows a soul of keen enjoyment and appreciation of the proverb, the sonnet, the literature, and the art, the thousand intangible influences under which, and in which, these black-eyed and swarthy races and individuals have been reared. The critic, the scholar, the sympathetic observer blend, and the result is a book that lures on even the lazy reader tempted first by the pictures to read from *ciertos son los toros* ('Here come the bulls!') of page 1 to the American author's self-word on page 252. The illustrations of the black and white 'washed' sort, which sometimes occupy a full page, at other times abut into the text, stand jauntily on the margin, or lie modestly at the *finis*, are spirited, appropriate, and artistic. They are the creditable work of Mr. Henry W. Hall. The pages have broad white margins, and altogether the book is a dainty piece of literature and fine workmanship. Indeed, it seems like throwing a bucket of slaughter-house offal upon a marble pavement to allow the description of a Spanish bull-fight to stand in the opening chapter. We cannot understand why the 'court of Lyons' in the Alhambra is not written with reference to zoölogy rather than to a French municipality. No table-of-contents, list of illustrations, or index is given.

* In Western Levant. By Francis C. Sessions. \$1.50. New York: Welch, Fracker Co.

"The Perfect Way"*

IN THE OCCULT SERIES the joint work of Anna (Bonus) Kingsford and Edward Maitland is now included. The American edition is reprinted from the third English edition as finally presented by the writers, who represent their method of revised Christianity as 'The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of the Christ.' This exposition of the new doctrine or theology is addressed to 'the educated and developed, its terms and ideas alike being beyond the capacity of the generality.' Three positions taken are (1) that 'the dogmas and symbols of Christianity are substantially identical with those of other and earlier religious systems; (2) that the true plane of religious belief lies, not where the Church has hitherto placed it, in the sepulchre of historical tradition, but in man's own mind and heart; it is not, that is to say, the objective and physical, but the subjective and spiritual; and its appeal is not to the senses, but to the soul; (3) that thus regarded and duly interpreted, Christian doctrine represents with scientific exactitude the facts of man's spiritual history.' After this statement of doctrine contained in the preface, one may seek through the three hundred following pages for some of the 'scientific exactitude' promised, but get nothing more than some dull sermons full of platitudes, and what seem to the critic absurdities. There is a table-of-contents, an index, and much matter well printed; but we prefer 'the sepulchre of historical tradition' to the best of what is occult, even though the latter should be expressed in good grammar and coherent language; unless, indeed, the vision be clearer than in the present instance.

Minor Notices

LIKE OTHER EMINENT MEN of science, Dr. E. Ray Lankester, Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy in University College, London, has been induced to bring together his 'occasional essays and addresses' in a well-printed and attractive volume, to which he has given the title of 'The Advancement of Science.' The name will remind many of its readers that Prof. Lankester has been one of the most active and useful members of the famous British Association for the Advancement of Science. The first of the addresses in this volume (on 'Degeneration') was delivered as an 'evening lecture' at the meeting of that Association in 1879. The researches which it describes have had an important influence on the course of evolutionary study. Dr. Lankester has paid special attention to the discoveries of Pasteur, and has done much to ensure their due appreciation outside of France. An admirable article on 'Pasteur and Hydrophobia' fills some fifty pages of this volume. The most valuable of its contents, however, is the author's contribution, reprinted from the latest edition of 'The Encyclopedia Britannica,' on the 'History and Scope of Zoölogy.' This is a complete treatise, presenting the successive classifications of the animal kingdom, by Aristotle, Linnaeus, Lamarck, Cuvier, Owen, Milne Edwards, Huxley and Haeckel, and closing with the author's own system, based on the Darwinian theory in its latest genealogies. Though portions of this volume will be hard reading for all but students of science, there are other portions, like the articles on Pasteur and on centenarianism, which will be interesting to every reader. (\$3. Macmillan & Co.)

THE FACT THAT 'Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures,' by Laura Elizabeth Poor, has reached its third edition affords sufficient evidence of its possession of a genuine and permanent attraction. It is no derogation from the literary powers of the author to suggest that this special attraction is found mainly in the well-chosen extracts from the best-known and most typical products of the various Indo-European literatures, from the famous Sanskrit epics and dramas to the charming Slavonic folk-tales, which are scattered freely through its pages. This, however, is by no means its only claim to consideration. To pursue the wide course of reading indicated in the 'partial list of books consulted' which is appended to the volume, and to bring the results into a connected whole, showing the unity of spirit which pervades the intellectual manifestations of this vast brotherhood of nations, was no light undertaking; and this, it may be justly said, has been fairly well performed. Some defects are apparent, though they do not seriously injure the work. The list of 'indispensable corrections,' which follows the preface to this edition, shows the author's consciousness

* The Perfect Way. By E. Maitland and A. B. Kingsford. 50 cts (Occult Series.) New York: F. F. Lovell & Co.

that a future edition will require at least a partial rewriting to bring it in line with the progress of scientific study. She will then do well to submit her work to an experienced philologist, who will free it from certain blemishes offensive to critical readers,—such, for example, as the queer etymology (p. 19) which traces 'Devil' to the same root as that of the Latin 'Deus,' and the equally whimsical derivation (p. 26) which finds in the name of the Vedic goddess of the dawn, Ushas (from the Sanscrit *Ush*, to burn), 'the same root as in our word usher' (from the Latin *ostiarius*, a door-keeper). These in themselves are small matters, but they are yet enough to raise in many minds a prejudice against a really excellent book. (\$2. Boston: Roberts Bros.)

THOSE FAMILIAR with 'Silent Times'—one of the most charming of religious books, which is now, by the way, published by Messrs. Crowell in a dainty binding that befits the contents—will not fail to make the acquaintance of 'In His Steps,' 'Week-Day Religion' and 'Home-Making,' by the same author, the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. To these should be added 'The Marriage Altar,' a third edition of which has just appeared in a pretty pamphlet. The four discourses, on 'Choosing a Wife,' 'Choosing a Husband,' 'How to be Happy when Married,' and 'The Sacredness of Marriage,' are characterized by the practical commonsense, clearness and beauty of style, aptness of illustration, and felicitous use of poetical quotation, that have made Dr. Miller's writings so popular. The vast fund of human experience is drawn upon in a way that touches the heart with an eloquence which no rhetorical art could attain to. The volume will be an appropriate wedding-gift. (25 cts. Philadelphia: Times Printing House.)

MR. CHARLES F. COX, the late President of the New York Microscopical Society, has contributed to the series of Fact and Theory Papers a little volume of seventy pages, entitled 'Protoplasm and Life,' and comprising 'two biological essays' which deserve the attention of students of natural science. The first of these essays recounts the very curious and instructive history of the 'protoplasm' and 'cell' theories. It is not many years since we were taught that 'the physical basis of life' was a structureless jelly-like substance to which the name of protoplasm was given, and that every organized body was made up of a vast number of cells, composed of this substance, and each endowed with a certain distinct vitality. Now we are shown, as the result of the latest microscopic and biological researches, that what was known as protoplasm is really one of the most highly differentiated of substances, and that, in place of the cell-structure, we are to accept a network of almost infinitesimal fineness, which pervades each organized body, and binds the whole together. Mr. Cox further hints that optics and other means of inquiry may hereafter carry us even beyond this network to some still subtler 'physical basis.' The second essay comprises less of novelty, and does little more than resume the well-known facts and arguments in disproof of the theory of spontaneous generation. It must be added that Mr. Cox, though reasoning clearly enough within his lines, hardly gives his logic a sufficient scope; otherwise he would be more careful to warn his readers that the occasional perplexities which a scientific system, like the Darwinian theory, has to encounter do not necessarily prove its incorrectness, or even cast doubt upon it as whole. The very science of numbers has its baffling questions in certain directions; but the laws of arithmetic remain unimpeached. (75 cts. N. D. C. Hodges.)

THREE RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOKS on the teaching of languages in general and of certain languages in particular, though widely different in origin and scope, have in common the characteristic that they emphasize the necessity of stimulating the pupil to exert his own mental powers in the work of comparison and analysis, instead of relying merely on memory and rules. This is the main purport of the 'Lectures on Language and Linguistic Method in the Schools,' which Prof. Laurie of the University of Edinburgh delivered by request before the Teachers' Institute of Cambridge, and afterwards before the College of Preceptors in London. It is a work in which teachers will find much useful instruction in the line just indicated. (90 cts. Macmillan & Co.)—THE 'HINTS ON FRENCH SYNTAX, with Exercises,' by F. Storr, may be deemed sufficiently recommended by the fact that it has already reached the fifth edition. The author tells us that he has sought to make his rules as few and simple as possible. 'The merit, if any, of the *Hints*,' he quaintly adds, 'consists in the omissions.' He discards the French names of the tenses in favor of the English. The chief utility of the book will be found in the numerous well-chosen examples, which will afford a valuable help to both master and pupil. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—IN HIS 'INTRODUCTION TO GERMAN,' Mr. Otto Dietrich has very judiciously

sought to appeal directly to the pupil's intelligence by bringing out as clearly as possible the original and still apparent resemblance between German and English, both in words and in inflections. The plan is an excellent one, and has been to some extent well carried out. The author, however, has not yet attained such mastery of clear exposition in English as he might probably have had in his own language. In another edition, the aid of a reviser to whom English is the vernacular tongue will be useful. The mechanical work of the volume might also be improved. (90 cts. Milwaukee: Phonograph Printing Co.)

THE EXCELLENT 'Classics for Children' series, frequently commended in these pages, reaches its thirty-third number in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which D. H. Montgomery has edited, with notes and a brief sketch of the author's life. The work is very much abridged, the second part being entirely omitted. The dozen 'notes' are merely definitions of unfamiliar words—the editor judiciously leaving this incomparable allegory to interpret itself. (35 cts. Ginn & Co.)—ALTHOUGH YOUNG FOLKS in general care little for the good advice which their elders are disposed to lavish upon them, now and then one may be found who does not 'know it all,' and by whom sage counsel is welcomed with appreciation. To such may be commended a neat reprint of Horace Mann's lecture before the Mercantile Library of Boston, entitled 'A Few Thoughts for a Young Man.' Its suggestions as to right and wrong ways of seeking happiness; the importance of health, temperance, and good habits; the evils of dissipation, extravagance and wealth-worship; the duty of honesty, industry and manliness,—all these suggestions are as pertinent and timely as when first uttered, forty years ago. (25 cts. John B. Alden.)

'LIBRARY BULLETIN, NO. 11,' of the University of California, is 'A Guide to the Literature of Aesthetics,' by C. M. Gayley and F. N. Scott. 'Good, as far as it goes,' may be said of it, yet it goes but little beyond the resources of the two Western libraries within reach of the editors. Hence its value is limited. The compilers would have done better service to those in want of such a bibliography—and there is a call for it—if they had taken more time and labor, and made their list exhaustive. Their expressed unwillingness 'to circulate information at second-hand,'—i. e., to insert titles of works with which they are not acquainted,—has caused the omission of such authors as Jarves, Long, Hunt, Westropp, Chevreul, Blanc, Eastlake (the painter), Rossini, Mengs, Fuseli, and a host of others. The explanation in the preface, that more specific lists are to follow, can scarcely excuse the deficiencies of this 'Guide,' which should be complete in itself. (5 cts. University Library.)

Magazine Notes

THE September *Century* has for frontispiece a fine woodcut of the Princesse de Conti, and for opening article another of Mrs. Mason's 'Women of the French Salons' of the eighteenth century, other illustrations of which are portraits of Catherine II. of Russia, of Mme. Geoffrin after Chardin's painting, and of Mme. d'Épinay. The proposed Yosemite National Park is illustrated by many fine cuts of peaks, valleys and glaciers. 'Our New Naval Guns' are described by C. F. Goodrich; 'The Anglomaniacs' is ended; and Joseph Jefferson is still making us acquainted with more of his English cousins, one of whom he remarks had the classical 'nut-cracker' features of the Jeffersons, to describe which he borrows a joke of Sheridan's. There are anecdotes of Gainsborough's 'Duchess of Devonshire,' of Scotch and Irish adventures, and talks with Charles Mathews, and pictures of the last-mentioned gentleman in a very 'loud' costume, of Booth's theatre, and of the genial author as the immortal 'Bob.' Wells Cathedral is beautifully illustrated by Pennell. Sculptors and builders will be interested in Rowland E. Robinson's 'In the Marble Hills' of Vermont, and lovers of Japanese art in John La Farge's letter, with its solitary illustration by the writer.

In the September *Harper's* Mr. Russell Sturgis gives the fullest description yet printed in English of the remarkable painted sculptures recently found on the Athenian Acropolis. His article is accompanied by excellent woodcuts and other illustrations of some of the statues and fragments. In the fourth instalment of 'Port Tarascon,' the unfortunate Tartarin, after marrying the daughter of the savage king of his island to make his title good, has to submit to the enforcement of a prior English claim at the hands of a gruff naval captain. A richly illustrated article, 'Across the Andes,' is by Theodore Child. W. Hamilton Gibson's 'Wild Garden' has tempting pictures of wild orchids, false Solomon's-seal, Indian-pipe and gentians. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton writes of 'Harvard University in 1890,' and Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelly, U. S. N., of 'The Social Side of Yachting,' with pictures of cleaning brasses,

fishing, cocktails, and interviewing the cook. There are two good short stories—'From a Battlement of Roses,' by S. P. McLean Greene, and 'The Revolt of "Mother,"' by Mary E. Wilkins.

'The Country House,' described by Donald G. Mitchell in the September *Scribner's*, is mainly the sensible country house of the past,—sometimes picturesque, sometimes stately, but always sensible. But by way of a contrast to his pictures of old Rhode Island shore and Long Island Dutch farm-houses and the somewhat prim elegance of the larger eighteenth century mansions, he presents a few of the grotesque creations of our modern architects. Mr. R. F. Zogbaum gives, with pen and pencil, an excellent account of 'Uncle Sam's Blue Jackets Afloat.' Thomas Stevens has an interesting article on 'African River and Lake Systems,' with a map. Prof. N. S. Shaler takes hold of a big subject, 'Nature and Man in America,' and makes a preliminary dash at a bigger—nature and man in Europe; C. Emma Cheney illustrates and describes Heligoland; and Walter Cranston Larned takes to task some recent critics of Millet, who object to the ideal side of Millet's art. 'The Rights of the Citizen' to his own property are defined by James S. Norton; and there is a good short story, 'The Clerk of the Weather,' by T. R. Sullivan.

The 'Development of Modern European Historiography,' by F. J. Jameson, in the September *Atlantic*, traces the development of modern European historical literature from its beginnings in the dry annals of the Middle Ages to the careful scientific work of the present day, despised by Carlyle and his school. In 'The Perils of Historical Narrative,' Mr. Justin Winsor shows how necessary this minute scientific work is, if we would get anywhere near the facts. Between them these two writers make it appear that the dignified philosophical historian has had his day, and that we must be content to follow in the tracks of Herodotus, the old chroniclers, and the French writers of memoirs. The fondness for titles leads Dr. Holmes to tell tales, 'Over the Tea-cups,' of Lord Timothy Dexter, whose bold ideas of punctuation bring him to the 'trampling audacity' of Walt Whitman. He concludes that, in a literary way, Young America is like a three-year-old colt, and likes to roll. And he furnishes another example by rolling over, himself, into an account of the dismissed lovers of his Number Five, and (*facilis descensus*) from that into Tartarus. Toast and torments, brimstone and another lump of sugar make a very Holmes-like termination to the article. A pleasantly written account of Boetius and his book, 'Consolation,' is signed by 'H. W. P.' and 'L. D.' John T. Prince contrasts 'American and German Schools,' and J. P. Quincy writes of 'Cranks as Social Motors.'

London Letter

IT CANNOT BE SAID that the death of the greatest English ecclesiastic of modern times caused anything like a profound sensation in this country, but certainly the feeling of deep and respectful interest which was awakened by the tidings of Cardinal Newman's somewhat sudden end was confined to no class nor party. Even those, and it must be confessed they were not a few, who scarcely knew, or knew not at all, that the author of the famous Oxford movement, and the chief writer of the celebrated 'Tracts' of many years ago, was still among us in the flesh, were roused to pry into the past, and gather from the exhaustive accounts of Newman's career with which the leading newspapers teemed, what were its most salient points.

Once upon a time, Newman *lived*: his name was upon every tongue, his utterances found their way to every heart: whether he were sympathized with, or differed from, he was a power whose extraordinary and widespread sway it was impossible to dispute. But he himself is said to have felt that when that great and stormy chapter of his life was closed, his work on earth was done: it had drained all his strength, and exhausted all his force: thenceforth others must carry it on, while he pursued the even tenor of a peaceful routine, but little diversified or interrupted by the claims of the world. Within the walls of his retreat at the Oratory, Birmingham, and even in the toiling, moiling, busy town itself, Newman was a familiar, friendly figure, easy of access, interested in all that went on;—without that range he was an almost unknown recluse. The great centres of religion, statecraft, art, science, literature and commerce, knew him not. The Vatican, under Pius IX., might pass him by—he was content to be so passed: the tardy honors of Rome being at length conceded under Leo XIII. he could scarce be persuaded to accept them. Moreover, even at his death, he had not passed beyond the first stage as regarded these, he had never risen to being a 'Cardinal Priest,' but died a 'Cardinal Deacon.'

To this as to all other ambitions Newman was, if we are to believe the word of those best acquainted with him, indifferent with

an indifference which is only comprehensible upon one ground. The terrible *Sturm und Drang* through which that lofty and yet most tender and sensitive spirit had once passed, had rendered it insensible to all meaner emotions. He had once been crushed, mangled, ground to powder—could he feel pinpricks thereafter? Whether, according to our lights, we judge Newman right, or judge him wrong, in the final decision he arrived at after this stupendous conflict, before such majesty of soul as he possessed, it is our part only to bow in reverence. No human tongue has ever questioned his sincerity. And do not the plaintive notes of the never-to-be forgotten 'Lead, Kindly Light,' express the dumb yearnings of thousands of hearts?

The new Cardinal, it is said here, is to be the Hon. Edmund Stonor, the second son of the late Lord Camoys. The Camoys family—well-known in Berkshire for many generations—have always been ardent Roman Catholics, and Monsignor Edmund Stonor is described as a sort of English Lord Chamberlain at the Vatican. He was recently raised to the Archbishopric of Trebivind, and report says he is now to have the vacant red hat. Whether this be, or be not the case, will probably be known before this letter reaches New York; I merely mention it, as the *on dit* at the present moment.

What London literary news is there just now to give? There is no literary news, and there is no London. Every house is closed, and the clubs are receiving each other, after their fashion, while repairs go on amongst them. Amongst the theatres and other places of resort, one would scarcely recognize a familiar face were one there by chance. The houses are full, of course, but the audiences are composed of foreigners, or provincials. A London theatre in August is—well, even the offer of a box for Miss Grace Hawthorne's opening night with 'Theodora,' could not tempt me back to 'the deserted village' this evening. Yet Miss Hawthorne's 'Theodora' is sure to be worth seeing; indeed, I heard recently—and that from a very fair judge who had witnessed it in the provinces—that it was well worth seeing. 'Miss Hawthorne,' said my informant, 'aims in some points infinitely higher than does Madame Bernhardt. The former gives her heroine dignity and struggling self-control, even when most transported by passion. The rage and fury of a woman who has inherited by blood centuries of training, of self-repression, of swift perception of many issues, is always a complex thing, even in the very whirlwind of her passion. Whilst the rage of a plebeian has ever in it untutored directness, a touch of something unmeasured and Mæcæa-like.' Something of Sarah Bernhardt, in brief. The above criticism struck me as being so good that I have wanted ever since to see the actress render the parts which elicited it.

But what are all the plays in the world compared with a stretch of blue ocean, and a sandy shore? Apparently Mr. Henry Arthur Jones thinks this also, for whilst his 'Judah' is drawing overflowing houses night after night at the Shaftesbury, he remains peacefully rusticating in his villa on the cliff, within a mile of where I write. Not that Mr. Jones permits himself to be altogether idle, neither. His Secretary is away on a holiday, but he does a little, a very little work quite of his own accord, and evidently with the virtuous feeling of a schoolboy who does not altogether fling to the winds his holiday task. To-morrow is to be a field day for 'Judah,' after a fashion. 'It is Willard's idea,' said Mr. Jones with a little chuckle, 'and I think it ought to answer. He is to have a matinée, for the clergy of all denominations, at which no money whatever is to be taken. The whole theatre is to be free, and tickets are to be had on application. Nearly every seat has been already applied for.' I enquired if there had been any ungracious response? (The clergy not being very sure about 'Judah,' as we know.) 'Scarcely one,' was the reply. 'They seem in the main to accept the overture in the spirit in which it is offered. They are to come, and to bring their wives and families, in order to judge for themselves whether there is anything in the play adverse to the interests of religion.' I could not help thinking of the famous *dansuse* who was called upon to vindicate the morality of her dancing before the assembled Cardinals, and trust that 'Judah' will be as triumphantly acquitted before the tribunal at whose bar it is to be placed to-morrow, as was the Spanish girl of olden story.

Rolf Bolderwood's new tale, 'The Squatter's Dream,' which comes to me from Macmillan, is sure to be liked by the admirers of 'Robbery under Arms.' 'The Squatter's Dream' is not exactly a boy's book, yet it is about such people and doings as boys delight in. It deals with wild, free life, is full of incident, and but rarely diverges into dissertation.

Fergus Hume's new 'shilling shocker' may suit the young master of the period better; it is out on the bookstalls this week, yclept 'The Gentleman that Vanished.' Yet I don't know. I found 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab' an inexpressibly feeble mystery and unless the new gentleman vanishes after a more piquant fash-

ion, Mr. Hume will be left behind in his own line by bolder and more inventive 'shockists.'

Mr. Alfred Austin is, in the truest sense of the word, a Nature poet. His new volume of 'English Lyrics' teems with fresh, joyous verses, through which one can almost feel the breath of Spring, or hear the sighs of Autumn. The seasons are his special theme, and in his appreciation of the varied beauties of each in turn he is at his best. 'A Defence of the English Spring' and 'Primroses' cannot fail to charm all true lovers of Nature.

There is a pleasant and well-written account of Wordsworth's country, together with some good illustrations, in the *Daily Graphic* this week, which will doubtless be well circulated in the Lake Country. This is the Lake Country season, and Miss Agnes Giberne writes from Ambleside, at the head of Lake Windermere, that the hotels, coaches, boats, etc., are full to the brim with tourists of all descriptions, but that the weather is very indifferent. Miss Giberne is doing no writing, but her new little tale, 'Nigel Browning,' comes to me from Longmans' this week. Hatchard was originally to have published it, but Hatchards' having been submerged in Rivingtons', and Rivingtons' again in Longmans', 'Nigel Browning' has been on his travels till now. Miss Giberne's work is always conscientiously done, but, to be candid, I believe she finds her true inspiration in 'Sun, Moon and Stars,' or 'The Ocean of Air,' rather than in the realms of fiction.

Miss Giberne's home is at Eastbourne (where I write), as is also that of Edna Lyall. The latter, however, has also departed for the nonce, having betaken herself to the West of England, there to recruit after a somewhat serious illness. Eastbourne residents generally let their houses and flee the scene during the Eastbourne season; but the few who remain assure me that they greatly enjoy the change of society which these summer months bring, some of the older folks, who are past going out into the world, finding it very pleasant to have a little of the world thus annually brought to them. Sir Francis Sandford, Mr. Karl Blind, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and other men of mark in their various walks of life, are to be seen daily at the Sussex Club; and in another fortnight, when the Lawn-Tennis Tournament is on, we shall have an influx of fresh visitors, for there is no better Tournament in England, and no more beautiful grounds for one than those of the Devonshire Park.

EASTBOURNE, August 20, 1890.

L. B. WALFORD.

Theodore Roosevelt on Walter Howe

SAGAMORE HILL, August 25th, 1890.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

As a friend and former fellow-legislator of Walter Howe, I am unwilling to let his death pass without expressing in some public way my sense of what the city of New York owes him. Although a man keenly appreciative of artistic and literary work, and himself fond of using both pen and brush, the services by which he especially rendered the city his debtor were done in public life. He was for three years a member of the State Legislature, during most of which time I was his colleague; and for the last three years he has been a member of the very important Aqueduct Commission. But this by no means represents the sum total of his public life. He was one of those men, by far too few in our city, who understand that a good American citizen is in honor bound to keep at all times actively interested in our politics. Whether in or out of office he was always a power for good in the primaries and conventions which settle beforehand, in so many cases, what can be done at the polls. He never shirked his work because it was disagreeable, because he had to leave his own attractive home in order to do it, or because he could often see no immediate result from his labor and self-sacrifice. He possessed the rare capacity of combining a high ideal on the one hand with the power and desire to do practical work on the other. He knew how to make allowances for the shortcomings and imperfections of his fellows without losing his own high standard. It would be hard to overestimate the effect such a man, when strong, earnest and sincere, and with Walter Howe's wise commonsense, exerts in elevating and purifying the tone of public life wherever his influence extends.

In the Legislature his course was marked by a peculiar disinterestedness and unselfishness and a singularly high and noble conception of duty. He was much more than merely faithful, alert and industrious—though he was all these, too. He was far-seeing, and keenly alive to the city's real interests; and he was willing to do what few indeed of our public men will do—that is, incur unpopularity for the sake of what he deemed right. He never let a personal jealousy interfere with his course of public conduct; and when he had, by careful study, convinced himself that he was bound to act on a given line, as a question of principle, then no amount of pressure, no threat of popular displeasure, no efforts of

the most influential politicians, could sway him a hand's-breadth. He believed that a public man was bound to do what he thought right, even if his constituents went wrong; and he acted on his belief. The sincere regard and respect which his fellow legislators felt for him needs no stronger proof than the heartfelt grief which every one of them whom I have seen showed on hearing the news of his lamentable death.

Walter Howe led a fine and true life; and his death is a most real loss to the city.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Father Damien and Dr. Hyde

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the matter of the onslaught on Father Damien's character, I perceive a note from Arthur Gilman, Cambridge, Mass., in your issue of August 30th. This appears to be supplementary to Gorman D. Gilman's long defense of Mr. Hyde in the *Sun*, a short time ago, and both communications are suspiciously vague. If Father Damien was the 'wolf in sheep's clothing' that the Hydes and Gilmans would have the public believe him to have been, every honest mind would know the whole truth. Either Father Damien has been slandered by Mr. Hyde, or he has not. The discussion has reached a stage when particulars are demanded, however 'gross.' Let the Hydes and Gilmans produce them, or stop adding further insult to a good man's memory and to public intelligence.

WM. J. MCCLURE.

SACRED HEART RECTORY, BARRYTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1890.

From the Editors of *The Home-Maker*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the knowledge that your columns are ever open for the correction of literary lapses, intentional or unconscious, we crave your meditation with our late constituency in behalf of what must, without explanation, seem a gross violation of professional etiquette.

When we tendered our resignations to *The Home-Maker Co.*, it was agreed that our exit should be decorous. The matter at issue between counting-room and editorial sanctum was one of opinion as to the future policy of the magazine. We withdrew in good order and in good temper. Our subscribers and our contributors were our friends and allies. The pronounced success of the magazine was, in great part, consequent upon the sustained harmony of these relations. We had other co-workers at desk and in office, to whom our debt of gratitude is great. With the consent of all concerned, we prepared a valedictory which said these things. There was not a syllable of censure and not an intimation of dissension. It was read and approved by those whose position gave them authority to act, and committed, in good faith, to those whose duty it was to make up the magazine.

The September number is acephalous. The place that, in twenty-three preceding numbers, knew the stereotyped heading and our familiar talks with our readers, knows them not. The editors, one and all, were kept in ignorance of the omission until redress was impossible. The story is not pleasant or comely. Let us keep the out-going laundry hamper shut fast. No allusion to the contents of the buck-basket would be made in public, were it not that the retirement we intended should be dignified, and graciously significant of good will and gratitude, is marked by no courtesy whatever. When we would say that the rapid growth of our circle of readers was stimulus and reward; that, upon the page that records our association with our contributors, there are no unsightly blots; that each of the trio whose names appear below—standing, hereafter, singly in her lot, her hands busied with such tasks as we have, for two years, performed in concert,—will labor more hopefully for the earnest our *Home-Maker* experience has given us of our hold upon the hearts and homes we have visited in company,—we must, perforce, borrow space from a generous contemporary.

Our connection with *The Home-Maker* ends on September 13. The closing number of the volume and magazine-year contains no intimation that the periodical will be conducted hereafter by other editors than ourselves, and we are driven, however unwillingly, to adopt this method of advising correspondents and friends of the fact above stated.

MARION HARLAND,
CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK,
MARY CHURCHILL HUNGERFORD.

THE copies of Underwood's Korean Dictionary and Grammar consigned to A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are still in the Custom House, where some difficulty has arisen as to the appraisement. The publishers must receive further instructions before they can either procure the books or place a retail price upon them.

The Lounger

IT IS HARD for any one who has just read Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám,' whether for the first time or the fortieth, to refrain from putting into verse certain thoughts suggested by the perusal of that unique and seductive poem. And the form of the verse is always and inevitably that of the 'Rubaiyat' themselves—a quatrain which seems more hospitable than any other to the mystical soliloquies of the Oriental tent-maker. Poets have fallen under the spell of the 'Rubaiyat,' as well as countless readers who lack the accomplishment of verse but have yielded to the temptation to imitate Fitzgerald's stanzas; and an interesting appendix to an edition of the poem might be made up of the quatrains inspired by the book itself. No such collection would be complete, my readers will agree with me, that omitted the following lines, which I have just received from Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman:—

'Tis Centuries since Omar struck his Tent;
But only Yesterday Fitzgerald went,—
That Fakir who from Omar's dust revived
The Rose whose Petals in this Book are pent.

MR. COSMO MONKHOUSE is an English art critic and writer of verse—or perhaps we should say that he is a poet and writer of art criticisms. In a book of his poems we find three or four pages of rhyme printed in this narrow-gauge measure:—

O Love,
No skill
Can move
Thy will.
No sight
Can cow,
No might
Can bow.
A friend
To the end
Art Thou.

It only remains for him now to write a poem in lines of one word; or he might rearrange the above in this wise:—

O
Love,
No
Skill
Can
Move
Thy
Will.
No
Sight
Can
Cow,
No
Might
Can
Bow.
A
Friend
To
The
End
Art
Thou.

But the end of a four-page poem written in this kite-tail fashion would be very far off. It strikes me as ungallant to make one's muse walk so straight a path as this: there is a suggestion about it of the unpoetic accomplishment of walking on one of the rails of a railway track.

THE *Tribune* alludes to 'the unspeakable trash with which the news-stands are filled,' and wonders why some publisher does not get up equally attractive editions of Dickens and Thackeray and sell them at equally low prices. The suggestion is a good one, the only argument against it being that it might not pay, and publishers as well as butchers and bakers have to look after the dollars and cents. It might be made to pay well, however, if a number of publishers would use the same plates, but make up the books, as to paper and binding, according to their own ideas. This has been done with the more expensive editions of Dickens and Thackeray; why should it not be tried with cheaper ones? The *Tribune* puts it mildly when it describes the majority of novels now being printed as 'unspeakable trash.' They are worse than that: they are pestilent microbes, and should be burned by order of the Board of Health. That the publishers who issue these books are intentionally pandering to the most depraved

taste is evident from the titles they give them, and the pictures they put on the covers. For example, Maupassant's 'Notre Cœur' appears as 'A Coquette's Love,' and Balzac's 'Cousine Bette' as 'The Devil's Daughter.' There is only one argument that can be made in favor of these sensational and vicious titles, and that is that there is no mistaking the character of the books they appear upon. A man might innocently enough buy a volume entitled 'Notre Cœur,' who would hesitate to be seen reading 'A Coquette's Love.' Only a hardened sinner would buy 'The Devil's Daughter,' while the most straight-laced Puritan might think that he had found a simple pastoral in 'Cousine Bette.'

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, in response to an inquiry, writes to me, under date of Aug. 27, as follows:—'Your letter has just reached me at Mt. Desert, after having wandered far. I have no intention of lecturing anywhere in the United States, having refused various offers to do so. As regards the duration of my visit, it is not quite settled; but I shall probably stay on this side till the second week in November.' Mr. Bryce's determination not to lecture will be learned with regret by the many readers of 'The American Commonwealth,' who would like to see in the flesh one who has criticised their institutions with so much candor, intelligence and impartiality. Next year, I hope, he may reconsider it.

SO THE TYRANT has at last 'got even' with William Tell, and the unrighteous ruler is avenged, over whose fate the boyhood of a hundred generations has rejoiced. The stern Muse of History—the Tyrant of Scientific Research—has pronounced the brave archer a sun-myth, 'or something so' (as a Polish friend of mine pronounces it), and the next generation of New York waiters will know nothing of the national hero. The dethronement has been reported and widely commented upon; yet a communication to the *Tribune*, signed 'John Hitz, late Consul-General of Switzerland,' emphatically contradicts the discreditable story, and declares that collections made throughout America for a statue to Tell, have just been forwarded by the Swiss representative at Washington to the Federal authorities at Berne, who themselves (so the writer is informed) have contributed to the fund. The *Sun* says that it is the Canton of Schwyz that has been guilty of the act of iconoclasm in question. Let us hope that the national Government will not repeat the blunder of the Schwyzers. The President should read 'Tartarin on the Alps,' and hold his hand.

A PAPER CALLED *Light*, published at Worcester, Mass., prints an article headed 'Kipling or Bruce?' in which it is attempted to show that the real name of the Anglo-Indian writer who is just now the 'rage' is not Rudyard Kipling, but 'Henry Goodnow Bruce,' and that he is 'a son of the Rev. H. J. Bruce,' who resided at Worcester two years ago, after having passed many years in India in the service of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Young Mr. Bruce is said to have studied at Phillips Academy and at Harvard, and to have 'distinguished himself by a variety of literary work on *The Harvard Advocate*.' A marked copy of *Light* was sent to me last week, and I at once forwarded it to Mr. E. Hamilton Bell, the young English actor and artist and son of Clara Bell, the well-known translator of Ebers and other Continental authors. The exact terms in which Mr. Bell characterizes the article in question, I shall not repeat: they certainly do not understate his sentiments. He continues:—

I have known Rudyard Kipling all my life. He is the son of an English artist who was in charge of the Government art-schools in India. His mother is a sister of Burne-Jones and of my aunt, Mrs. Poynter. I have known of his writing for Indian newspapers (to one of which, *The Pioneer*, most of the stories in 'Plain Tales' and 'Soldiers Three' were contributed) for certainly five or six years. He began early, being now only twenty-four.

A critical and biographical sketch of Mr. Kipling, by Andrew Lang, with a portrait showing a mustached and spectacled young man seated at a table with a cigar between his fingers, is printed in *Harper's Weekly* for August. The author of 'Plain Tales' is one of the few writers who have become famous before they were twenty-five: he was born on Dec. 30, 1865.

AT A MEETING of the Park Commissioners last week, favorable action was taken upon a suggestion by Mr. J. Hampden Robb, that the National Government be asked to turn Castle Garden over to the city authorities with a view to the restoration of the ancient appearance of the fortress, and its adaptation to park purposes. Mr. Robb waxed eloquent over the good use to which the old receiving station for immigrants could be put, as a covered concert-hall, etc., whither the poorer classes living in the lower part of the

city might resort for relaxation. The scheme is a noble one. By all means, let us have a People's Palace on the Battery, if not elsewhere in New York.

MAX O'RELL in a recent interview declares that he is hardened to the 'poisoned arrows of the press.' 'When I was in America last Winter,' he said, 'I saw a Texas paper in which the editor said I had better not come to Texas, or I would get what I deserved—a bullet through me.'

I replied to this editor in a letter which ran about this way:—'DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to your desire to see me and shoot me in Texas. I have no desire to be shot. But if I ever have such a desire, I shall choose a place where the incident will cause a sensation, and not Texas, where such an occurrence would pass unnoticed.'

I wonder how that Texas editor enjoyed this 'poisoned arrow' from Max O'Rell?

A FRIEND 'POSED' ME, not long since, by asking why articles imported from Japan have so peculiar an odor. I repeated the question, by letter, to a well-known authority on Japanese subjects; and his reply, written on a post-card and signed with the initial 'G.', runs thus:—'Concerning odors Oriental and Occidental, as you state the thesis, there is room for difference of opinion, and the reconciliation of apparently conflicting statements, by simply exchanging noses. We and the Europeans have Caucasian olfactory nerves; the Asiatics sniff differently. Whenever a Japanese picks up anything imported from America or Europe, he says "What a peculiar smell it has," or exclaims *Hakurai!* ("Brought in the ships"—i. e., from the West). Japanese common people insist that a curious odor emanates from the persons of white people, which Japanese long associated with us forget. In my travels by night, even when covered up in *jin-riki-sha*, or in Japanese dress, the dogs always smelt me out, even a quarter of a mile away, and barked or were lively. Nevertheless, the East is the land of perfume.'

TO THE AVERAGE 'outsider' the number of books that find their way into print is enormous. To the 'insider' the wonder is not so much at the number of books printed as at the number written. Such firms as the Harpers, the Scribners, the Lippincotts, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Century Co., etc.—those houses in particular which issue magazines as well as books,—receive thousands of book manuscripts every year. To the 'readers' of these houses it seems that every one who can hold a pen must be writing—and it must often seem to them that the ability to hold a pen is the only requisite the author recognizes: that he cannot spell, that he has not mastered the simplest rules of grammar, is no drawback. The more original his spelling, the greater his ignorance of good English construction, the bolder are his flights. There is no subject he shrinks from discussing, no scene he hesitates to describe; and he lays down the canons of taste with an air of authority that appals while it amuses. Only recently I read a story in which the exquisite taste of the hero was illustrated by his walls being 'white-finished,' and hung with 'etchings in heavy gilt frames'! The whole description of his room was in keeping with this, and left the impression that he occupied something midway way between a steamboat parlor and a palace-car.

Twenty "Immortelles"

YIELDING to an apparently general desire on the part of our readers, which has found expression many times in private letters addressed to the editors, as well as in the printed comments on our Academy composed exclusively of men, we take pleasure in hereby throwing open the polls again, this time for the election of an Academy to be composed of the *twenty writers whom our readers deem the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood*. Voters should be careful not to put more than twenty names upon their lists, and to write only on one side of the paper. Every list must contain the writer's name and address, though these will not be published. If the balloting proceeds as briskly as we expect it to, the result will be announced in *The Critic* of Oct. 25.

International Copyright

EFFORTS are still being made at Washington to get reconsideration of the Copyright question (this time on Mr. Simonds' bill) and it is desired that every reader of *The Critic*, especially every literary man or woman, whether a member of the American Copyright

League or not, should urge his or her Congressman not only to vote for the bill, but to use his influence to see that it gets consideration during the present session. A great deal of missionary work has been done during the past fortnight, and it is hoped that the Committee will be warmly seconded by the friends of the cause. It takes but a little time to write a few letters, and this is the way in which the cause can be most effectively served. To illustrate the value of such letters, we quote from a reply which an American writer recently received from a Southern Representative:—

Your letter in regard to the copyright bill has been received. I voted against this bill when it was up before upon very little inquiry, but I am disposed to take a different view of the matter now, and your letter I assure you played no little part in my coming to that determination.

A pathetic aspect of the defeat of the bill on May 2 was that it was accomplished by the votes of members who hardly cared the toss of a penny which way they should vote. There are distinct signs of a reaction, as Representatives awake to the importance of the question, and it is these signs which encourage the Committee to take advantage of every chance for a vote.

Mr. Maurice Thompson, who has been lecturing through the South, writes from Crawfordsville, Indiana, under date of September 1st:—

Recently, in all my public lectures I have put Copyright to a vote. Usually there is not a dissenting voice. The other day, at Grady's Piedmont Chautauqua at Atlanta, I had a rising vote. Every person in the large audience arose.

Cardinal Newman as a Man-of-Letters

[From an article in *The Athenaeum*, Aug. 23, 1890.]

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, when Cardinal Newman sat to him some years ago, almost took his sitter's breath away by exclaiming, 'What a beautiful complexion you have, Cardinal!' adding, 'It's just the complexion of a child.' And like an ideal child's was the sweet and tender simplicity of the little speeches recently coined by the old man whose heart religion had kept perpetually young.

As a boy, and when his unindulgent hour for getting up in the morning was five, Newman prevented the dawn, perhaps with prayer, for he was always pious, but certainly with Walter Scott. 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering' were under his pillow; so that he read his Scott with a unique advantage—at the most impressionable time of life, and when the books were still the literary event of the hour. For the moment Scott was current as well as a classic. In later years he lamented when he saw Scott put aside by Oratory schoolboys in favor of writers of fiction who were current, but will never be classic. He delighted in those early days to hear Scott's poetry read aloud; nor was it only its currency that commended it to him. On such models in verse he formed himself, admiring Crabbe, and bestowing upon Southey's 'Thalaba' a feeling for which admiration is too weak a term. Byron he easily tolerated as a poet. Obviously, therefore, of poetical poetry he was not one of the inner worshippers; and although it was a convenient convention for those who thought Reason and Rome the two incompatible R's to say, as Sir James Stephen once did in a letter to Napier, that Newman was highly imaginative, a closer observation will show that it was precisely in imagination and in fancy that Cardinal Newman's limitations as a writer are found; that in these departments the mastery in contemporary prose is with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. Newman's absence of dramatic fancy accounts for his own failure as a constructor of the two stories he attempted, not for art's sake, but for religion's. The deep feeling which he associates with religious doctrine in 'The Dream of Gerontius' will be mistaken for imagination only by those who are not cognizant of Catholic teaching and of the depth of sincerity with which Newman held it. The verses to which the public has given the title of 'Lead, kindly Light'—correcting the author's own curiously inapt title of 'The Pillar of Cloud'—remain a great hymn because the real emotion of the writer is mysteriously felt in them, despite the unimaginative use of moors and fens and crags and torrent rills to symbolize spiritual doubts; and despite, too, the reproach the writer offers himself and the good daylight by accusing himself of having loved the 'garish day' though he is praying for light, and, in his last line, anticipates with joy the dawn.

But each man must speak for himself in these things; and I am just brought to a standstill by remembering, to my confusion, that Mr. R. H. Hutton places 'Callista' at the head of all Cardinal Newman's works—and this because of its 'marvellous imagination.' It was the 'Apologia' that breathed new life into George Eliot. The old sermons of Oxford days are treasured as incomparable by those who are, perhaps, Anglicans first and critics afterwards. Lord Coleridge, calling all the works of Newman as witnesses, delivers judgment on him as the greatest modern master

of style, with the apparent concurrence of the whole court of men-of-letters, including Mr. John Morley. It was 'The Dream of Gerontius' that did not abandon Gordon at Khartoum.

W. M.

Our Forty "Immortals"

[The Speaker, London.]

THE SPEAKER OFFICE, Friday, August 15th, 1890.

THE ONLY successful attempt that has ever been made to form an Academy of Letters on the model of the Académie Française seems to be the Svenska Akademi, founded in 1786 by Gustavus III. Other monarchs have upon various occasions founded imitation academies, but they have either been utter failures, like the Slavo-Græco-Latin Academy of the Emperor Alexis, or else, like the Academy of Sciences of Peter the Great, which I believe still flourishes in St. Petersburg, the ground covered has been wider, and less exclusively literary. But the Swedish Academy, created to commemorate the greatness of 'the Scandinavian Augustus,' was built up on the exact model of the French, and still enjoys a life relatively as vigorous as that of its Parisian prototype.

It consists—and herein Gustavus showed his excellent judgment—not of forty, but only of eighteen members. The small population of Sweden, and the contracted sphere of its literary life, was such as would have been swamped and made ridiculous by the adoption of the larger number. But there may always be found a dozen and a half men of real intellectual distinction in any country of the size of Sweden; and as a fact the little Academy of that country has kept up its tradition very decently. In the first instance, the King chose thirteen of the original members. They met on the 20th of March, 1786, and elected five more Immortals. Their choice was hardly so literary as the King's; for if they selected one eminent poet, Leopold, they gave the four other chairs to a courtier, a bishop, the head of a college, and an amiable nonentity.

The duties of *de Aderton*—the Eighteen—were laid down by their pious founder as being 'to support and encourage poetry, eloquence, history, and the study of our mother-tongue, as well as to combine in the labor of producing a Dictionary and a Grammar of the Swedish Language.' Besides this ample charge, the palm-bearers were instructed to reward literary talent by the distribution of prizes, the works submitted for purposes of competition having to be strictly anonymous. Gustavus III., like Nero, was himself anxious to be the winner of a prize, and (entirely wrapped up in mystery) there was laid on the desk of the Secretary, Count Von Höpken, a certain 'Eulogy of Lennart Torstensson.' The King was a very clever man. Perhaps the infant Academy had not had a great number of MSS. submitted to it? Perhaps—? Scepticism and ill-nature may say what they like: the fact remains that the Eighteen met, discussed the various papers, and finally gave its First Prize—first in date, but also first in value—to the modest roll which contained the 'Eulogy' above mentioned. Had any warbler whispered? Were the Eighteen absolutely ingenuous and honest? Who shall decide? At all events, when it was made public that the King himself was the author of that MS., and thus had won from all comers in open fight the gold medal of his own Academy, the general—nay, the national—satisfaction knew no bounds. If the Academy really had not been aware of the Royal ambition, and if there were some of the Eighteen who had argued in favor of another candidate, what a sense of relief and yet of retrospective awe they must have felt, and how providential their choice must have seemed to them to be! It is all very well for a monarch to cry, '*Gustavus III. patriis Musis*,' but suppose the graceful sacrifice is accidentally rejected! The idea is enough to make an Immortal bosom shudder.

So long ago as the 12th of April, 1884, that newspaper [*The Critic*] published the results of a *plébiscite*, as it is called, among its readers, designed to point out the Forty American Immortals most worthy of holding academic chairs in a 'possible American Academy.' For the benefit of those who, like myself, never met with the original list of forty, *The Critic* now reprints it. It is a document of considerable interest, and even value. But the American electors would have done well to imitate King Gustavus, and to limit their number to eighteen. It strains American genius rather severely to distinguish forty names worthy of even Academic immortality. It is, however, honorable to the principles of universal, or at least of promiscuous, suffrage, to find none of those names omitted which it would be the mark of ignorance to leave unmentioned. Some odd company has pushed in to fill up the forty seats, but at all events Lowell is not left out, nor Holmes.

Shall we be so daring as to cut down this list, which I refrain from reprinting, to Eighteen, and so make an Academy on the Swedish, instead of the French, model? Holmes, Lowell, Whit-

tier, and Bancroft, which are the four first names, must come in, as a matter of course; and so must Aldrich, for his polished verse; and Henry James, whom we have yet a certain scruple in giving back to the only country where he is not at home; and Parkman, the prince of American historians. Was it not Furetière who was elected to the French Academy for his wonderful story, 'Le Roman Bourgeois,' and ejected from it for his still more wonderful criticism? We must have Howells in, for his novels, and must hope that no one will ever be cashiered from the best of all possible societies. A pair of tale-makers, masters of the *conte*, come next. Room for Bret Harte and George W. Cable; Nelson Page should go in with them, if I had my way, for the sake of those exquisite Virginian tales of his, but his name is not among *The Critic's* forty. Our next batch must include the critic-poets, Stedman and Stoddard; two delicious essayists, G. W. Curtis and John Burroughs; Mark Twain, whose honor, in spite of past favors, I grudge because of his coarse and ignorant travesty of the Table Round; and two aged scholars of renown at Yale, Whitney and Noah Porter. We are now seventeen, I find, and to make up our full tale let us surprise Walt Whitman, in his retreat at Camden, by election to our Academy. That would be an Eighteen, I fancy, at which even the *Saturday Review* could scarcely mock.

It is six years and a half since that list of Forty was constructed which I have here taken the liberty of boiling down to Eighteen. Without flippancy be it spoken, Death has in the meanwhile shown itself a true friend to the American Academy. It has removed from its roll nine names. . . . I think that the case is unprecedented in which the existing imaginary or amateur Academicians have been called upon to elect fresh members to empty seats. This, however, has just been done in America, and the result is undoubtedly of interest. *The Critic* seems to have taken all the necessary trouble. The thirty-one Immortals were not called upon to meet under any cupola of Washington, or to vote with actual balls of white ivory or black. But *The Critic* sent to each survivor a paper with nine lines left blank upon it, and begged him to fill it up with the names which he thought most fit to succeed the nine who had passed away since 1884. The extraordinary thing is that with scarcely any exceptions the famous personages responded to the appeal.

It certainly is interesting to know who are the nine whom their own compeers call up into the heaven of amateur immortality. By far the largest number of votes were given for Mr. R. W. Gilder, the sympathetic editor of *The Century Magazine*; to whom followed the most elegant divine that the Episcopal Church in America possesses, Dr. Phillips Brooks; then Professor C. E. Norton; then a more distinguished Professor, Francis J. Child, of Harvard, editor of the finest and most critical collection of British Ballads now extant. Below these came Mr. Stockton, the most fantastic of story-tellers; Mr. H. C. Lea, of whose claims to immortality I have, with a blush, to own myself wholly ignorant; Mr. Andrew D. White, lately the President of Cornell University; 'Uncle Remus'; and finally Mr. H. H. Furness, the most eminent of American Shakespearians. With one or two doubtful exceptions, this is a good list, a list in every way superior to that of the nine which it supersedes.

It is easy to throw cold water on a newspaper Academy, and still easier to protest an ignorance of transatlantic talent. This may prove, however, to be no real sign of intellectual high breeding; and one thing must in any case be conceded—namely, that this list of Forty American Immortals, even if the claims of some of the members are slight, is not ignoble. Mere vulgar success—a crude appeal to the sensation-mongering of the masses—has not stood the candidates in good stead. If a king or a cardinal had revised the list, it could scarcely be more refined. Its weak points are caused by the unquestionable paucity of strong material, not by concession to qualities that are coarsely popular. The desire to honor what makes for the higher intelligence, to show appreciation of imagination, scholarship, and intellectual elevation, these honorable instincts have inspired the election. If America does not produce forty men of genius, that is not the fault of the electors. An Academy of Eighteen would perhaps have been more manageable, but this of Forty is not despicable. Now that the body has positively begun to fill up its vacancies, it may be expected to continue to live. Its duties and emoluments will be shadowy, but it will at least enjoy one advantage over its more solid French and Swedish prototypes: no possible revolution can shut its doors, or rudely tear the palms off the green coats of its members.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE competition for the gold medal of the Military Service Institution (Governor's Island, New York) will close on Oct. 1. The subject of the essays is 'A Practical Scheme for Training the Regular Army in Field Duties for War.'

Current Criticism

THE MORALITY OF WORKS OF ART.—Mr. Archer points out, wisely and well, that though it does not matter, from the point of view of art, *what* the artist sees and reproduces, but only *how* he sees and reproduces it; and though all beauty is the artist's province, and beauty is not moral; nevertheless every work of art is a human action, and calls, therefore, for dual judgment, the æsthetic and the moral. In many instances, of course, there may be nothing that appeals to the moral judgment in any way. No one would dream of applying it to the Venus of Milo or the 'Ode to a Skylark.' They are simply beautiful—and there is an end of the matter. But when the artist elects to deal with a subject coming within the sphere of conduct, the moral judgment has good claims to be heard. It is obvious—we should apologize for the utterance of such platitudes, were not their utterance necessary—that a work of art may conceivably be effective upon the moral nature of the spectator. If it treated of a subject which, translated into action, would result in a moral injury to the actor, we have a right to bid the artist treat it in such fashion that it may have no such effect on the spectator. 'Mlle. de Maupin' may be taken as a significant example. Up to a certain point (this is another platitude of appalling triteness) Gautier's novel is an almost matchless specimen of consummate literary art; but at one point the art has failed. Here Gautier simply failed in judgment, and elaborated the scene of set purpose with disastrous results. His art was more than sufficient to atone for the treatment, in other places, of subjects quite as dangerous; but here the topic is so dealt with as to seem hideous and repulsive. Does any one, then, pretend that we are forbidden to censure Gautier on moral grounds? or that our perception of his brilliant literary skill can blind us to the fact that much of the book in question is positively noxious? It is scarcely possible to believe that there exists any one whose moral sense is so completely subordinate to his æsthetic sense that it can remain unaffected in the presence of palpable literary corruption. In such presence let us, as Mr. Archer happily says, be moral and unashamed.—*London Musical World*.

ART AND PORK.—There is food for a great deal of reflection, as well as the potentiality of food, for a great number of underfed Frenchmen in the present aspect of the American pork question and the French picture question. What these two questions have to do with each other is not at first sight, nor indeed in the last analysis, at all clear except to statesmen. The statesmanlike point of view in France is that the French stomach must be protected from the ravages of the morbid American hog, and in this country that the American painter must be protected from the competition and the American looker-on from the unwholesome moral influence of French art. . . . The representative of the American hog has now had it brought to his attention that he is imperiling his own interests by his antagonism to the representative of civilization. Though he still scorn that representative as a dude, it is to be expected that upon this showing he will forego his opposition to him in this instance, and that he will consent to let in the works of a depraved art if thereby he can open the market for more barrels of American pork. The French attitude is not more respectable. Having excluded the American hog, upon the ground that he is unwholesome, the French statesmen show a willingness to let loose his trichine upon their countrymen who eat pork, provided the American market is opened wider to their countrymen who paint pictures. On our part we will allow our morals to be corrupted by French pictures if the French will allow their health to be destroyed by American pork. This is a noble international spectacle, but as the pretenses of exclusion on both sides were false, the two nations can afford to accept the absurdity of the situation furnished by their politicians if the outcome of it is cheap food for France and good pictures for the United States.—*The New York Times*.

MISS DUNCAN'S 'A SOCIAL DEPARTURE.'—Here is the most amusing record of 'globe-trotting' that has been penned in English. The writer puts herself forward as an easy-going American maiden bent on enjoying herself; and her friend and companion Orthodoxia she describes as a fine English girl, who 'hadn't a theory about her except that one should say one's prayers and look as well as possible under all circumstances.' Orthodoxia the author represents as setting out on the circular tour with piles of trunks and bundles of note-books, while she herself carried a slender valise and a mind to receive impressions. And it is distinctly not as a trustworthy record of foreign facts—which have been served up again and again, and for which nobody cares,—but as a bright and vivacious narrative of 'impressions de voyage' that the book appeals to us. There is a suggestion of the travelling manner of

Mark Twain about it, and something more than a hint at times of his dry impertinence of speech and his free humor of description, but all the same it is fresh, sparkling, and feminine. If there be any objection at all, it is that it is too constantly and consistently clever. But there is a remedy for that: the thing should be read by instalments, as it was originally published.—*The Scots Observer*.

Notes.

A NEW edition of Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch's 'The Bird and the Bell, and Other Poems,' the first (1875) being out of print, is promised for this autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The second edition of his 'Æneid' came out some two years since. When the first appeared, the poet Longfellow urged the translator to continue his labors in the Vergilian field, and he ultimately did so, putting the 'Georgics' into English blank-verse and the 'Eclogues' into hexameters—so far as possible a line-for-line rendition of the original. These later translations as yet remain unpublished.

—Macmillan & Co. will add to their Adventure Series 'Pellow's Adventures and Sufferings during his Twenty-three Years' Captivity in Morocco,' edited by Dr. Robert Brown; a one-volume edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, complete, edited by Prof. Dowden; 'The Conflict of Capital and Labor,' by George Howell, M. P., and 'Stories from the Bible,' by the Rev. A. J. Church.

—Capt. Charles King's 'Campaigning with Crook,' announced by Harper & Bros., will contain, in addition to its narrative of border warfare, three short stories—'Captain Santa Claus,' 'The Mystery of 'Mahbin Mill,' and 'Plodder's Promotion.'

—Cassell & Co. announce Vol. V. of Prof. Henry Morley's 'English Writers'; 'The Anglomaniacs,' the anonymous story just completed in *The Century*; 'Horse Stories, and Stories of Other Animals,' by Col. T. W. Knox; and 'Wanted—a King; or, How Merle Set the Nursery Rhymes to Rights,' by Maggie Browne, with illustrations by Harry Furniss.

—Miss Edith M. Thomas has in press a new volume of verse entitled 'The Inverted Torch,' which commemorates the death of an intimate friend.

—Dr. Holmes's 'Over the Teacups,' from *The Atlantic*, will be published this season by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who announce also Bret Harte's 'Ward of the Golden Gates'; a volume of essays by George E. Woodberry, entitled 'Studies in Letters and Life'; Justin Winsor's volume on Columbus; a Life of Lewis Cass, in the American Statesmen Series, by Prof. Andrew C. McLoughlin; and a series of Selections by Mr. Blake from the writings of Thoreau, with a full bibliography.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton, having removed his up-town store to 8 West 28th Street, finds the premises already filled to overflowing, and will be compelled to get rid of the stock which has been accumulating for nineteen years at his old headquarters at 706 Broadway—some 40,000 volumes, embracing all departments of literature. A clearance catalogue will be issued about Oct. 1.

—Charles Scribner's Sons are about to publish Vols V. and VI. of Henry Adams's 'History of the United States,' covering the first Administration of Madison; an 'Introduction to Philosophy,' by Prof. George T. Ladd; 'The Evidence of Christian Experience,' by Prof. Lewis F. Stearns; 'Belief in God,' by Prof. J. G. Schurman; 'Citizenship Bonaparte,' from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand, by T. S. Perry; and 'A Little Book of Western Verse' and 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales,' by Eugene Field.

—A volume of essays by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, is among the fall announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. The eight essays have a certain unity of subject, though each is complete in itself.

—Since Walt Whitman passed into his seventy-second year, he has been interviewed for the *Philadelphia Times*. When asked about his health he cheerily replied:—

I feel these sudden changes of the weather, but, God be praised, I am feeling bright and cheerful, and am blessed with a good appetite and a reasonably good digestion, and what more can an old man ask, who, as the Methodists say, is still on 'praying ground and pleading terms'? Every fine day I have my stalwart attendant wheel me out, often to the Federal Street Ferry, where, sitting on the long wharf, I enjoy the mellow light of the sinking sun and the pleasant sight of the eager crowd hurrying off and on the ferryboats.

—A cablegram from London, on Tuesday, said that Lord Sackville, as Lord of the Manor of Stratford-on-Avon, has presented to the Town Council a claim for encroachment and rent in respect to the fountain and clock-tower given by Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia. At a country meeting held on that day, several

speakers denounced his conduct in the matter. They said the spot on which the fountain stands had not been used as a public market for 600 years. The Council holds that there has been no encroachment unless Lord Sackville can prove his manorial rights over the middle of the market square. Lord Sackville's agent writes that if the Council admits the claim, at the same time asking that it be not enforced, his Lordship may refrain from levying rent. The Council, however, has decided to fight the claim.

—While visiting at Rye, N. Y., last week, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell had the ill-luck to fall down stairs and break his arm. He is now at his home, Edgewood, New Haven, Conn.

—'A History of the American Episcopal Church from the Planting of the Colonies to the Close of the Civil War,' by the Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., and 'The World and the Man,' being Bishop Thompson's Baldwin Lectures for 1890, are issued by Thomas Whittaker.

—Mr. Charles Barnard will bring out a new play at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 8. It is called 'Mary Lincoln, M.D.' Like the author's 'County Fair' and 'Sarah Tarbox, M.A.,' it is a story of rural New England life; but there are no cows or race-horses in it. It is described as being 'chiefly a woman's play,' as there are three types of womanhood in it—the educated woman, who, while a doctor, is yet a woman; the girl of no education and consequently no character to speak of; and the housekeeping woman, with no ambition above her work.

—A Life of Emile Augier, the dramatist, is just out in Paris. It is by Prof. H. Parigot.

—President Gates has resigned the Presidency of Rutgers College and accepted that of Amherst College, to succeed Dr. Seelye. His resignation will take effect on Sept. 30, and he will become President of Amherst on Oct. 1, entering upon the active duties of the office in November. Dr. T. S. Doolittle, the senior Professor at Rutgers, will fill the office of President until a successor to Dr. Gates is elected in October.

—It seems to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that 'a simple statement of the truth offers the best reason why Mr. Howells's suggestion of signed newspaper articles appears to be impractical.'

The force of the newspaper comes from its combination in one of a great many different elements, different intelligences and activities, working in many different directions, as the many spokes of a wheel point from one centre to all points between the zenith and the nadir, and yet when in motion move consistently in one direction. If all newspaper articles were to be signed by their writers, newspaper making, instead of having the consistent motion of the wheel with its many spokes, would resemble more the dipping up of water with a sieve. As fast as the elements were gotten together they would be separated again, and as it is the combination which gives weight and influence, the separation would be a loss in both.

—'Modern Men,' a reprint of twenty sketches from *The Scots Observer*, is announced as a shilling volume, by the young London publisher, Edward Arnold.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse has completed his Life of Philip Henry Gosse, his father, and it will be published shortly by Kegan Paul & Co. The particulars which it gives of social life in Newfoundland, where the naturalist resided from 1827 to 1835, will have a special interest at this moment, when public attention is so much turned toward that island. Mr. Gosse's later adventures as a farmer in Canada, a schoolmaster in Alabama, and a collecting naturalist in Jamaica may be expected to attract notice by their novelty.

—Edward A. Oldham, the young Southern dialect writer and contributor of verse to the magazines, will have a dialect jingle in the October *Century*, entitled 'Mammy's Churning Song.' At the same time he will have a paper in *The Arena* on 'The Great Political Upheaval at the South.'

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Mr. Rudyard Kipling's authorized publishers, have just issued a third edition, printed on good paper, and with good type and good black ink, of the 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' Those who have any regard for an author's rights or for their own eyes will want this edition of these stories. A volume of new tales by Mr. Kipling will be published before long by the same house. As these new stories will make their first appearance before the public in book form, the authorized publishers will be able to hold the American market for a few days—until the pirated editions are issued.

—Bishop Potter's portrait is the frontispiece of No. 23 of *Sun and Shade*.

—In writing his Life of Wm. Gilmore Simms, the next volume in the American Men-of-Letters Series, Prof. W. P. Trent has had much assistance from the family of the novelist. The same pub-

lishers (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) announce 'Civil Government in the United States,' by John Fiske, and Chas. Francis Adams's Life of Richard H. Dana, Jr., author of 'Two Years Before the Mast.' Mr. Lowell's 'Hawthorne' is said to be in preparation.

—According to the Auckland newspapers, the reports that David Christie Murray is at Samoa with Mr. Stevenson are untrue. He is travelling with the St. Maur Comedy Company, and playing the part of Baron Hardtelt in 'Jim the Penman.' It is his intention to devote himself to dramatic work and to appear in his own pieces. He has written a comedy which he has named 'Chums,' which was produced for the first time on any stage at Auckland and met with a very favorable reception. Mr. Murray has presented the manuscript to Sir George Gray, to be deposited in the Auckland Public Library.

—When Mr. Wanamaker suppressed 'The Kreutzer Sonata' into notoriety, the *Times* protested against such treatment of the work of a great writer. It now (Sept. 1) refers to the book as 'this last insanity of Tolstoi's.'

—'Campmates: A Story of the Plains,' by Kirk Munroe, illustrated by W. A. Rogers, is begun in this week's *Harper's Young People*.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish 'The Record of the Life of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.'; 'Inspiration and the Bible,' by Robert P. Horton; 'The Relation of Confirmation to Baptism,' by the Rev. Arthur J. Mason; 'Christian Socialism, What and Why?' by the Rev. Philo Sprague; 'Modern Criticism Considered in its Relation to the Fourth Gospel,' by Canon Watkins; and 'The Causes of the Soul,' sermons by the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York.

—The Chicago *Standard* remarks that *The Critic* 'is one of the best journals of its kind anywhere, and has no superior in this country.'

—Mr. Arlo Bates, in his budget of notes from Boston, in the September *Book Buyer* (which contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Prof. A. S. Hardy), relates this bit of literary gossip:—

It has chanced to be my fate to be in a lecture-writing atmosphere this summer. At New Castle, N. H., where my lot has been cast, not only is Mr. Wendell preparing his Lowell Institute course, but Mr. E. C. Stedman is at work upon a course of lectures to be delivered at Johns Hopkins University, where he fills the newly established chair of poetry. Mr. Stedman had made up his mind, it was hoped and expected, to devote himself to producing poetry rather than to the writing about it, now that his lengthy labors on the 'Library of American Literature' are completed; but a call like this from the University has in it something too imperative to be easily disregarded. It is to be hoped that the result will be a new critical volume from his pen.

—A plumber has won the University Extension prize for an essay on English poetry.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes passed his eighty-first birthday on Friday, Aug. 29, at his summer residence at Beverly, Mass., and extended a warm welcome to the many visitors who called to congratulate him. One of the presents he received was a gold-lined silver spoon, the handle of which bears a witch on a broomstick, the word Salem, and the emblematic witch pins crossed. It came from a lady as a memento of Dr. Holmes's latest poem, the 'Broomstick Train.' The Boston *Transcript* of Aug. 30 gave this account of the Autocrat's birthday:—

Among the callers yesterday were Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Whitman, John T. Morse and wife, W. P. Upham and wife, Mrs. Robert E. Taylor, L. H. Trumbull, Caroline E. Upham, Mr. Cosgrove, Ina L. Thursby and many others. Many congratulatory letters of a public nature were received and several of his admirers sent their congratulations in verse. Letters were also received from James Russell Lowell and Mrs. Logan, but they were purely personal, and only incidentally referred to the anniversary. Miss H. C. Barclay of Scotland sent a picture of Browning taken in Venice less than a month before his death, and also a photograph of a portrait which Dr. Holmes had often admired in her father's house. Mrs. Henrietta Appleton sent a photograph of the poet's home at Beverly Farms, and also a scene in Chebano woods, while another friend, who is an amateur photographer, sent a picture of a tree in Essex which the doctor always admired. During the day a large number of children of the neighborhood called to pay their respects, but did not come in a body, as was the case last year. Two large barge loads of Preston Post comrades arrived to extend their congratulations during the afternoon, and left a badge of John Chipman Relief Corps with pendant of a pot of beans. After receiving his callers and enjoying their gifts, the Doctor went for a drive about five o'clock. In speaking of his birthday, he said, 'This is my eighty-first, and kind of an off year. I realize I am not as vigorous as thirty or forty years ago, but life is enjoyable and pleasant to me still.'

—J. J. Hill, the Great Northern Railroad magnate, has given \$500,000 to establish a Catholic Theological Seminary at St. Paul, Minn.; \$200,000 will be devoted to grounds and buildings, and \$300,000 set aside as an endowment fund.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1574.—Can you give the meaning of the picture, 'The Silver Wedding,' by H. W. Watrous, shown at the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists? It represents a robed priest looking down at a red rose dropped upon the pavement beside a column, which is the centre of the picture. A shadowy form in silvery robes is flitting away, at the left of the picture. How is the title appropriate? and is the column a real or an imaginary one?

FORDHAM, N. Y.

L. G. B.

[Mr. Watrous writes to us from Saratoga Springs:—'The column is real, and the legend connected with it is as follows. During one of the Crusades of the Middle Ages, a young knight, while fighting for the cross, hearing of the death of his betrothed, hastened home to Bavaria, gave up the sword for the white robe, and had the column erected in the chapel where the lady was buried, and images of herself and him sculptured on it, hand in hand. Every year, on the anniversary of what was to have been their wedding-day, he placed roses on the slab covering the remains of his betrothed, and uttered a prayer for her soul. On the twenty-fifth anniversary, or 'The Silver Wedding,' she appeared to him dressed in bridal robes.']

1575.—1. Where can I find an American poem of the last century, in book form, entitled 'John's Captivity Among the Indians'? 2. Who is the author of a poem beginning,

Songs of shepherds, and rustical roundelays,
Formed on fancy and whistled on reeds?

It related the adventures of 'each god and goddess' on an occasion when 'the States divine hunted the hare.' There was a musical accompaniment. 3. Who wrote 'Katharine Ogie,' and where can I find the words? and those of (4) another old Scottish song, beginning, 'O, why should old age so much wound us, O?' 5. Are Hogg's 'Winter Evening Tales,' 2 vols., containing the 'Adventures of Georgie Cochrane,' to be had in New York? From Hogg's 'Tales and Sketches' (London and Edinburgh: Nimmo) 'Georgie Cochrane' is omitted. Also, can I get the poems complete, without the prose writings? 6. Were the poems of William Glen, the Glasgow manufacturer, who wrote the beautiful Jacobite song, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie,' ever collected for publication?

BLUE ISLAND, ILL.

M. L. W. McC.

1576.—I am desirous of learning the authorship of the following quotations:—

1. How beautiful is gentleness, whose face
Like April sunshine, or the summer rain,
Swells everywhere the bud of generous thought.
2. Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
The world and all its schemes shut out my door:
Rich in a competence, and nothing more,
Saving the student's wealth—'Apollo's Fees,'—
Long rows of goodly volumes to appease
My early love and quenchless thirst of lore.

CHICAGO, ILL.

M. D. F.

1577.—Can you or any of your readers tell, and illustrate, how the Romans used their system of notation in the arithmetical processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division? It was not until the 16th century that the Arabic figures were introduced into Europe: how did they calculate before that? I have hunted in all manner of reference books and asked all sorts and conditions of scholars about this; but never have found light on it.

NEW YORK.

J. R. H.

1578.—1. Might I ask you for the name of a really trustworthy guide to American literature? I do this because I am a Scotchman, recently come to America, and don't wish to spend time reading works that have no characteristic literary flavor. 2. I should also like to know of some really helpful guide to Browning.

CLINTONVILLE, WIS.

T. M.

[1. We should advise you to consult the last (eleventh) volume of 'A Library of American Literature,' just issued by Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss E. M. Hutchinson (New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.), which contains biographical sketches of the authors from whose works selections appear in the preceding twelve volumes of the Library. For almost any American author who wrote before the nineteenth century, except Franklin and Hamilton, the excerpts given in these volumes will probably prove sufficient for your purpose; while the quotations from, and sketches of, the later authors will give you a good notion of the quality of their work. Two useful books in this connection are the histories of American literature written by Prof. Charles F. Richardson and Prof. Moses Coit Tyler. 2. 'An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning,' by Wm. John Alexander, \$1.10, Boston: Ginn & Co.]

1579.—Would *The Critic* kindly suggest a few books of a literary character—that is, critical essays, reviews or studies in literature—for a ladies' reading (not study) class? Something to suggest and stimulate to thought is what we seek.

BERWYN, PA.

M. W. T.

[We would suggest, subject to correction, Swinburne's 'Essays and Studies' (Worthington Co.), Ruskin's 'Præterita' (C. E. Merrill & Co.), Peter Bayne's 'My Masters,' Eminent Women Series, Roberts Bros., Great Writers Series (A. Lovell & Co.), Adventure Series (Macmillan & Co.), American Men-of-Letters Series and American Commonwealth Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Brandes's 'Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century' (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.), Great French Writers Series (A. C. McClurg & Co.), Bayard Taylor's 'Studies in German Literature' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), T. S. Perry's 'From Opitz to Lessing' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Essays of Sainte-Beuve (Henry Holt & Co., and Roberts Bros.), J. A. Symonds's (Henry Holt & Co.) and Walter Pater's (Macmillan & Co.) Volumes on the Renaissance, Walter Besant's 'French Humorists' and 'Studies in Early French Poetry' (Roberts Bros.), Hueffer's 'Troubadours,' Henry James's 'French Poets and Novelists' (Macmillan & Co.), Carlyle's Essays on the German and Scotch Poets and Philosophers (J. B. Lippincott Co.), Gosse's 'Northern Studies' (A. Lovell & Co.), Brownell's 'French Traits' (Chas. Scribner's Sons), Mathew Arnold's (Macmillan), Thomas Huxley's and Prof. Tyndall's essays (D. Appleton & Co.), Edmund Clarence Stedman's 'Victorian Poets' and 'Poets of America' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and E. P. Whipple's Essays (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).]

ANSWERS

1565.—'Leaves from the Life of a Good-for-Nothing,' the English translation of the 'Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts' of Joseph von Eichendorff, was published by J. B. Lippincott Co. in 1888. In the *Gartenlaube* of 1888, No. 5 (pp. 160-161), may be found an interesting sketch of the author, and it gives an excellent insight, by means of extracts, into the poetry of this writer, who is ranked among the first of German lyric poets. He was born in 1788 and died in 1857.

NEW YORK.

P. C. M. M.

['F. W. P.' Dubuque, Iowa, and 'O. B. S.' of Carlisle, Pa., also write to call attention to Eichendorff's book.]

1570.—The two lines quoted are the third and fourth of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' section CXXVII., first and second stanzas.

NEW YORK.

P. C. M. M.

1573.—3. The stanza is from 'Ars Victrix,' translated by Austin Dobson ('Old World Idylls') from Théophile Gautier ('Emaux et Camées').

NEW YORK.

F. D. S.

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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|--|-----------------------------------|
| American Historical Association, Papers of. Part 3. \$1.00 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| American Philosophical Society, Proceedings. Phila. the Society. | |
| Austin, A. English Lyrics. \$1.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Bolderwood, R. The Squatter's Dream. \$1.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Cogswell, F. Lessons in Numbers. 25c. | Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co. |
| Cunningham, H. The Heriots. \$1.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Debans, C. Catherine's Coquetries. Tr. by L. Mead. | Worthington Co. |
| De Quincey, T. Collected Writings. Ed. by D. Masson. Vol. X. \$1.25 | |
| Dixon, A. C. The True and the False. 50c. | Baltimore: Wharton, Barron & Co. |
| Griswold, W. M. Descriptive List of Novels and Tales Dealing with American Country Life. 50c. | Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold. |
| Health for Little Folks. | American Book Co. |
| Howell, G. The Conflicts of Capital and Labor. \$2.50 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Kipling, Rudyard. Plain Tales from the Hills. \$1.50 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Klauser, J. The Septonate and the Centralization of the Tonal System. \$3. | Milwaukee: W. Rohlfing & Sons. |
| Lindsay, T. B., and Rollins, G. W. Easy Latin Lessons. \$1. | Boston: Allyn & Bacon. |
| Mallison, G. B. Rulers of India: Akbar. 60c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Morris, C. Elementary History of the U. S. 60c. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Pennell, R. F. Ancient Rome. 60c. | Boston: Allyn & Bacon. |
| Pollock, F. History of the Science of Politics. 75c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Ransome, C. Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots. \$1. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Ryan, N. E. In Love's Domain. 50c. | Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Ed. by C. A. Buckheim. \$1.10 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Stevens, E. F. Facsimiles of Manuscripts relating to America. Vol. V. \$25. | London: B. F. Stevens. |
| St. Johnston, A. A South Sea Lover. \$1.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Ten Broeck, W. P. The Genesis and the Exodus of the Gospel. La Crosse, Wis.: W. P. Ten Broeck. | |
| Thurston, G. P. The Antiquities of Tennessee, and the Adjacent States. \$4. | Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. |
| Van Buren, G. N. Abraham Lincoln's Pen and Voice. \$1.50 | Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. |
| Washington, George. Writings. Vol. VII. Ed. by W. C. Ford. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| White, H. S. Selections from Heine's Poems. 80c. | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Williams, N. Leaves of a Life. \$1.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Williams, T. Historical Survivals in Morocco. \$1.00 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |

WANTED.—A literary, educational, or secretarial position. Address, CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES, Cambridge, Mass.

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